

A Lamentable BALLAD of the Tragical End of A Gallant LORD and Virtuous LAD

Together with the Untimely Death of their two Children,
Wickedly performed by a heathenish and blood-thirsty BLACKAMoor, their Ser
The like of which Cruelty and Murder was never before heard of.
To the Tune of the Lady's Fall.



IN Rome a nobleman did wed
A virgin of great fame,
A fairer creature never did
Dame nature ever frame;
By whom he had two children fair,
Whose beauty did excel.
They were their parents only joy,
They lov'd them both so well.
The lord he lov'd to hunt the buck,
The tiger, and the boar,
And still, for swiftness, always took
With him a blackamoor,
Which blackamoor within the wood
His lord he did offend,
For which he did him then correct,
In hopes he would amend.
The day it grew unto an end,
Then homewards he did haste,
Where with his lady he did rest,
Until the night was past,
Then in the morning he did rise,
And did his servants call,
A hunting he provides to go,
Strait they were ready all.

To cease his toil, the lady did
Intreat him not to go.
Alas! good lady, then quoth he,
Why art thou grieved so?
Content thyself, I will return
With speed to thee again.
Good father, quoth the little babes,
With us here still remain.
Farewel, dear children, I will go,
A fine thing for to buy;
But they therewith nothing content
Aloud began to cry.
The mother takes them by the hand,
Saying, Come, go with me
Unto the highest tower, where
Your father you shall see.
The blackamoor perceiving now,
Who then did stay behind,
His lord to be a hunting gone,
Began to call to mind,
My master he did me correct,
My fault not being great;
Now of his wife I'll be reveng'd,
She shall not me intreat.

The place was moated round about,
The bridge he up did draw,
The gates he bolted very fast,
Of none he stood in awe.
He up into the tower went,
The lady being there,
Who, when she saw his countenance grim,
She straight began to fear.
But now my trembling heart it quakes,
To think what I must write,
My senses all begin to fail,
My soul it doth affright;
Yet must I make an end of this,
Which here I have begun,
Which will make sad the hardest heart,
Before that I have done.
This wretch unto the lady went,
And her with speed did will,
His last forthwith to satisfy,
His revenge to fulfil.
The lady she amazed was,
To hear the villain speak,
Alas! quoth she, what shall I do,
With grief my heart will break.

With that he took her in his arms,
 She frant for help did cry:
 Content yourself, lady, he said,
 Your husband is not nigh.
 The bridge is drawn, the gates are shut,
 Therefore come lie with me,
 Or else I do protest and vow
 Thy butcher I will be.
 The crystal tears run down her face,
 Her children cry'd a main,
 And sought to help their mother dear,
 But all it was in vain.
 For that egregious filthy rogue,
 Her hands behind her bound,
 And then by force with all his might
 He threw her on the ground.
 With that she shriek'd, her children cry'd,
 And such a noise did make,
 The town-folks hearing her lament,
 Did seek their parts to take.
 But all in vain, no way was found
 To help this lady's need,
 Who cry'd to them most piteously,
 O help, O help, with speed.
 Some run into the forest wide,
 Her lord home for to call,
 And they that stood still did lament
 This gallant lady's fall.
 With speed her lord came poking home,
 He could not enter in.
 His lady's cries did pierce his heart,
 To call he did begin,
 O hold thy hand, thou savage Moor,
 To hurt her do forbear.
 Or else before if I do live,
 Wild horses shall thee tear.
 With that the rogue ran to the wall,
 He having had his will,
 And brought one child unto the wall,
 His dearest blood to spill.
 The child seeing his father there,
 To him for help did call:
 O father, help my mother dear.
 We shall be killed all.
 Then fell the lord upon his knees,
 And did the Moor intreat,
 To save the life of his poor child,
 Whole fear was then so great.
 But this vile wretch, the little child
 By both the heels did take,
 And dash'd his brains against the wall,
 While parents hearts did ake:
 That being done away he run,
 The other child to fetch,
 And pluck'd it from the mother's breast,
 Most like a cruel wretch.
 Within one hand a knife he brought,
 The child within the other,
 And holding it over the wall,
 Saying, Thus die shall thy mother,

With that he cut the throat of it,
 Then to the father he did call:
 To look how he the same did cut:
 Then down the head did fall.
 This done, he threw it down the wall,
 Into the mote so deep,
 Which made the father wring his hands,
 And grievously to weep.
 Then to the lady went this rogue,
 Who was near dead with fear.
 Yet this vile wretch most cruelly
 Did drag her by the hair,
 And drew her to the very wall,
 Which when her lord did see,
 Then presently he cried out,
 And fell upon his knee.
 Quoth he, if thou wilt save her life,
 Whom I do love so dear,
 I will forgive thee all thy past;
 Though they concern me near.
 O save her life I thee beseech,
 O save her, I thee pray.
 And I will grant thee what thou wilt
 Demand of me this day.
 Well, quoth the Moor, I do regard
 The moan that thou dost make.
 If thou wilt grant me what I ask,
 I'll save her for thy sake.
 O save her life, and then demand
 Of me what thing thou wilt.
 Cut off thy nose, and not one drop
 Of her blood shall be spilt,
 With that the lord presently took
 A knife within his hand,
 And then his nose he quite cut off,
 In place where he did stand.
 Now I have bought me lady's life,
 Then to the Moor did call
 Then take her, quoth this wicked rogue,
 And down he let her fall.
 Which when her gallant lord did see,
 His senses all did fail:
 Yet many sought to save his life,
 Yet nothing could prevail.
 When as the Moor did see him dead,
 Then did he laugh again
 At them who for this gallant lord
 And lady did complain.
 Quoth he, I know you'll torture me,
 If that you can me get,
 But all your threats I do not fear,
 Nor yet regard one whit.
 Wild horses will my body tear,
 I know it to be true;
 But I'll prevent you of that pain,
 And down himself he threw.
 Too good a death for such a wretch;
 A villain void of fear.
 And thus doth end as sad a tale
 As ever man did hear.

